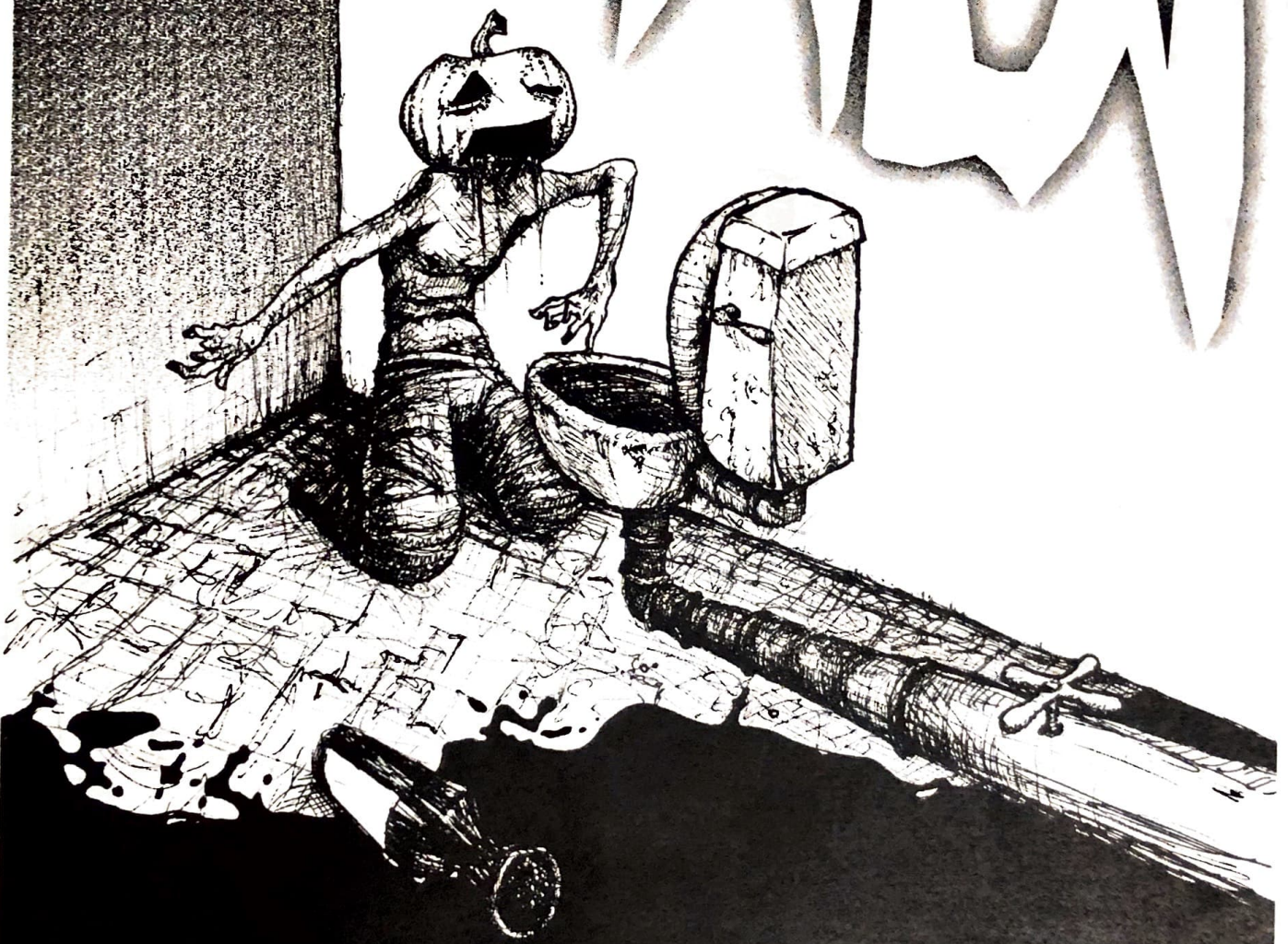


THE

OVER



Happy
Halloween

Volume 19 Issue 4
November 1, 2002
Hampshire College



C O N T E N T S

Where Are My Space Monkeys?	3
Nobody Need Not Apply	4
From Fascism To Fundamentalism	6
The Jolt Roundup	8
The Lost History of Time Travel	10
Rocco-Naut	11
Book Reviews and the New Male	12
Post-Dated Check	14
DTime Dispenser	15
Token Latina is Taking Applications	16
Half-Assing the Half an Ass I Brought	17
The Declaration of 101	18
Growing up in Hell	20
Death To The Extremist	21
L'il John	22
Childhood Blundering	24
Last Minute Wrestling Review	25
Castration	26
Sub Pop: The Game	

omen

Volume 19, Number 4
November 1, 2002

layout & editing

Aaron Buchsbaum	Urethra
Travis Dale	T-lymphocyte
Beth Day	Endoplasmic Reticulum
Christine Fernseber Eslao	Spleen
Alli Hartley	Fallopia
Mark Hugo	Gall Bladder
Gabriel Mckee	Right Testicle
Jeffrey Paternostro	Pineal Body
Wade Stuckwisch	Left Testicle
Laura Torres	Vas Deferens
Rosalina Valdez	Medulla Oblongata
Michael Zole	Blastoderm

THE OFFICIAL OMEN TEAM

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by David Frankel



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 7 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merrill C108, Box 853, x4481**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to ajm99@hampshire.edu.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu

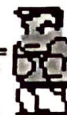
Maybe I've just never been with small ejaculators.

Quote attributed to
Laura Torres



WHERE ARE MY SPACE MONKEYS?

an editorial



I wish I could run the *Omen* like Fight Club. At a school like this, with so much emphasis on feelings and safe spaces, even a non-confrontational fellow like myself is going to want to kick some ass in a semi-controlled setting. If I had Tyler Durden's charisma, I'd totally go for it. "If someone goes limp, taps out, the article is over. If this is your first time reading the *Omen*, you have to write." I think it's pretty obvious why I don't do that.

It's frustrating, trying to get people enthusiastic about the *Omen*. Everyone seems to think of this as a publication that *other people* write for. When I first encountered it my first year, I figured I'd write for every issue as long as I was at Hampshire (why not?). This is Zole Logic, and I don't expect everyone to make long-term decisions on a whim, but I think rational-minded people have plenty of reasons to write at least occasionally. And if your writing is at all good, people will read it, and you'll garner a bit of local fame. If your writing sucks, nobody will remember you wrote it. It's win-win.

Do you have something to write about? *Hells yeah!* I actually require multiple hells to express how much you have something to write about! In my last editorial I alluded to the somewhat disconnected nature of the various interests at Hampshire. So why not write about what you study? If somebody who does a lot of work at Lemelson wants to write about her experiences there, I'd be curious enough read it. If a theater major wanted to explain why theater booty is inevitable, or why they always spell it "theatre", I'm all ears. If someone wants to write about the various drugs they did at Hampshire Halloween... well, that sounds more like something the *Forward* would publish. For everything else, the open-submission nature of

the *Omen* makes it the perfect venue for sharing stuff with your peers.

I'd also be interested to see more regular content in the *Omen*. This takes a little more effort, since it means you actually have to do something every other week. It's worth it, though, for the consistency you lend the publication. By its nature the *Omen* walks the line between a true free-for-all (like the Daily Jolt forum) and a "normal" publication that has the ability to, say, refuse submissions, so anything people can expect when they pick up the *Omen* would be very cool. I bet people who do themed columns for the *Omen* get all the ladies and/or men. I'd find out for myself, but I already do my part, I think.

There's one last point I'd like to make about submissions. **Articles for the *Omen* do not have to be funny.** I've heard of people who wanted to submit something but were afraid it wouldn't be funny enough, and this breaks my heart. While we do have our share of humorous and lighthearted articles (we can't control our content, because of that whole open-submission thing), if you actually sit down and read any issue of the *Omen* you'll find that they almost never dominate the issue. I, for example, am never funny. But more importantly, a serious article is both harder to screw up and more respectable if you pull it off.

This isn't my first wandering, nonsensical article about the *Omen*, but I often find myself compelled to make explicit the nature of this crazy, misunderstood magazine. I suggest you send me an article pronto or I'll keep writing these even after I graduate. And that would be breaking the first two rules of the *Omen*.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings, every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

NOBODY NEED NOT APPLY

There are precious few times in your life when you have the opportunity to change things that you think are wrong. Having an impact on something is rare, which is probably why we look up to those people who manage to effect change under conditions that seem insurmountable. But we all have the opportunity to do things in our day that assert our power as individuals to change things. This change is often fleeting, as it almost has to be. We live under a certain set of conditions that have to be changed over time. That is the reality of the situation, sans rant or bitter witticisms. That means that you can't just give up when things don't work out right away. Trying – persistence, is important.

It sounds preachy. But think of this – Prohibition didn't happen over night. The temperance movement took decades to become powerful enough to inflict a terrible piece of legislation on the country. Many of the men and women who pushed for Prohibition knew, heart and soul, that they may never see their goal reached in their lifetime. They were willing to wait as long as it took, to win by attrition. The strength of their belief was such that waiting for an outcome that may not come was better than taking no action at all and being certain of it. And it took a long time to overturn it, despite the obvious negative ramifications. People, once con-

vinced, were loath to reverse their position. Doing so would admit that it was a wrong decision they had made.

That is the result of tireless action by a motivated group of men and women who believe that what they're doing is important enough to look at the future beyond their own involvement. So quit bitching. If you're not dedicated enough to look that far forward, you'll lose. You'll never even get the indirect victory of watching a group of people who thought they knew better than you squirming over whether to reverse their decision. You have to get that far first. If that many people can put something so obviously wrong over on an entire nation, at least that many can convince a nation that they've got to make an obviously good decision. So why don't they?

I have no idea. And until I do, and until somebody can give me a reasonable answer, I'm going to refrain from getting into it too deeply. Apathy is a symptom, not the disease. Its great to recognize it, but you have to offer a reason for the presentation of the symptom. I don't have anything like that offer, other than my opinions. I will say this though – I think that the reliance on opinions as fact, as logic and as proof has led to the greater problem.

Last night I stumbled across three people who I assume were Hampshire students. They were hanging out in the Airport Lounge talking.

by Justin Philpot, Columnist

I was there for the biweekly Omen meeting and was the first to arrive. As I sat waiting for whoever else was going to show up I overheard the three people who were there before me talking about the Omen. They were talking, specifically, about what they don't like about it. These were the complaints, as I heard them; The Omen is a cliquy bunch of people, and while some of the articles are funny most of them are just jaded. Also, the

**If you want fewer
jaded articles and
better cartoons,
anyone and
everyone can
submit them.**

cartoons aren't very good.

The last two are perfectly valid points of view. Nobody needs me to justify his or her opinions. You like what you like and you don't like what you don't like. And I can disagree with those points of view just fine. It is fairly inconsequential when two people agree or disagree about whether an Omen piece was good or not. What I have to disagree with, strongly, is the assertion that the Omen is a cliquy group of people. When everybody who was going to come to the meeting was there, and just before Zole was starting the meeting, I invited the two remaining people who had been in the Airport Lounge when I arrived to come and sit in with the meeting, considering they had so much to say about it before. They both declined.

There has been plenty said about the policy of the Omen. Flip back however many pages it is to the contents page and check out the

information about submitting to the Omen. Everything you need to know is right there. If you want fewer jaded articles and better cartoons, anyone and everyone can submit them. You really only need to do two things to make sure it gets in here, put your name on it and make sure

you don't say anything libelous. There is no clearer way to state this.

The Omen is no more a cliquy than any other student group or (in some cases) mod on campus.

Of course, the Omen is a "clique" running into its tenth year, which is pretty astounding considering the number of other publications that have started and stopped in that time. The Omen survives by virtue of being everything but a clique. If the Omen had been founded as a true clique there would be no Omen today. As soon as the last person associated with it graduated the whole idea would have passed into Hampshire history. It would have been of the group, not of the community, as it is. And had the Omen become a clique at any time in its run it would have died then too. The Omen is one of the few outlets on this campus that puts out precisely what it gets in. It reflects as much of the community as wants to be reflected by it.

What is somebody truly saying when they say they hate the Omen? When anybody says the hate the Omen

they're saying they hate the idea of people being able to publish their thoughts without censorship. The Omen will not censor you. The Omen exists so that you will have an outlet for whatever you want to say. There is no catch. Unless, of course, you consider having to take direct responsibility for your thoughts a catch. I encourage everyone to say, when they don't like what they read in the omen, that they didn't like what the person wrote. Please don't say you hate the forum that allowed it to appear. By all means respond! Everyone on this campus has the ability to influence the content of the Omen. That is what it is there for.

This is repetitive I know. But it is also true. The point bears repeating for any number of reasons, not the least of which being that the apathetic fog that has rested itself over Hampshire needs to be penetrated by something, and I personally can't think of anything better. As a tool and an instrument of change there is little more convincing than a strong voice and a willingness to stand up to be heard. I don't couch my feeble rants in those terms, but I regard the spirit of them with reverence. We all have a right to say the things we feel need saying. With such an open forum standing open at our feet, why not exercise that right? Opportunities like this don't come often. I add my perspective to the pile, if for no other reason than I can.



FROM FASCISM TO FUNDAMENTALISM TERRORISM BEFORE JUNE 1967 AND NOW

by Jesse Weinberg, Contributor

Taking a look back at the seven years of Oslo, one can see the actions of both sides are completely asymmetrical. For the sake of peace, Israel recognized the PLO, gave Palestinians land and independent rule. Israel taught its school children how to sing "let's be friends," in Arabic. They broadcast an Israeli version of Sesame Street, Rachov Shalom, with images of Jewish and Arab children happily living together. Arafat's regime produced school books replete with anti-Semitic caricatures, glorified terrorists and named buildings after Hamas suicide bombers. The Palestinian Authority built summer camps where children wore army uniforms and were taught how to march in formation, fight and kidnap people. The only thing that the PA ever conceded to Israel was suicide bombings and a lot of excuses why they couldn't be stopped. This claim was made while Arafat has 40,000 police and security officers under his command. The US has about one police officer for every 2,500 people. The PA has one for every 50, making it one of the most policed countries in the world. Rather than fight terrorism, Arafat preferred to be a valve for terrorism, letting Palestinian murder gangs slip into Israel when he thought he could blackmail Israel with violence in return for political concessions. In 1995-6 when negotiations weren't going in the direction that Arafat wanted,

Hamas and Islamic Jihad suicide gangs were let in by the doves, murdering 150 people. Arafat only cracked down on Hamas once the Wye agreement was finalized that transferred Hebron from joint Israeli-Palestinian control to total Palestinian control. As soon as the IDF left Hebron, Arafat released the murderers he arrested. Oslo expressly forbade the use of violence to achieve political means and Arafat's regime has expressly ignored this constraint. The orders to carry out attacks on Israeli targets have given by Yasser Arafat, Head of General Intelligence Tawfiq Tirawi, until recently Head of Gazan Preventive Security Mohammed Dahlan and Fatah deputy-leader

Marwan Barghouti. This criminal clique has employed the Palestinian police, presidential guard, intelligence service and Fatah militia to murder Jewish Israeli civilians and fire mortars at Jewish communities. They have funneled weapons from Iran and Egypt to arm these groups and finance them with money from Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. Man power is not a problem either, just to be on the safe side Arafat released all prisoners who had been found guilty of terrorism. Even the

Mohammed Def who was found guilty in a Palestinian court on 59 counts of first degree, premeditated murder was set free from his cell.

Ironically its the murder victims, the Israeli Jews, that are being blamed for the failure of the peace process. The atrocities and massacres perpetrated by Palestinian death squads are just written off as "resisting occupation." This total denial of Palestinian accountability has been the greatest victory of Pro-Palestinian propaganda, which averages at about \$2 billion a year compared with Israel's mere \$4 million. Despite what Palestinian PR spin doctor Hanan Ashrawi or Information Minister Yasser Abd al-Rabbo will tell you, the Palestinian leadership never needed the Six-Day war or even the existence of Israel to carry out the systematic oppression and murder of Jews, "resisting occupation," is simply the new pop phrase to excuse it. Before there was a state of Israel, the first Palestinian leader, Hajj Amin al-Husayni was a self-proclaimed Nazi, met with Adolf Hitler personally and agreed to support Germany in WWII if the Nazis would exterminate every Jew in the British Mandate of Palestine. Husayni even helped Hitler set up SS Muslim units in Yugoslavia. During his tenure as leader of the Palestinians,



notorious Arafat addresses the nation

Jews weren't allowed to bring any objects to their holy sites or run for any type of government office that put them over an Arab Muslim. The list of attacks by his followers could on go for pages and include the infamous massacre of the Jewish community of Hebron in 1929 or butchering of a convoy of 69 Jewish doctors and nurses with knives. Husayni declared on the radio "I declare holy war, my Muslim brothers, murder the Jews. Murder the Jews," when war broke out in between Arabs and Jews in 1948.

The Jewish community in the British mandate never reciprocated Husayni's racist xenophobia. There were never race riots against Muslims. They repeatedly accepted a two state solution, only to be rejected by Husayni. While Izz al-Din al-Qassem's Green Hand was murdering every Jew they could find in the 30's, Jewish groups based from the Hebrew University were active in promoting cooperation and dialogue between Jews and Arabs. David Ben-Gurion, the future first prime minister of Israel, organized a joint Jewish-Arab workers union with the help Philip Habib in 1927. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, Ben-Gurion promised to protect the rights of all minorities in the new state, called on Arabs and Jews to live in harmony and Israel's intention to live in peace with its neighbors. His call for peace was answered with the invasion of seven Arab armies and the promise of a "momentous massacre," from the head of the Arab League, Azzam Pasha. After the war Israel sought peaceful relations with its Arab neighbors and even

offered to take in 100,000 Arab refugees as a sign of good faith. The Arab States categorically refused. Rather than use the land they had captured to create a Palestinian state, the West Bank and Gaza became launching pads for attacks against Israel. While Israel made peace overtures, the Arab states financed terrorist raids, repeatedly blockaded Israel's Red Sea port, fired heavy artillery at its agricultural zones and tried to cut off its water supplies by diverting the Jordan River. All



Husayni reviews Nazi troops in Yugoslavia.

this was an attempt to bring the Jewish state to its knees through the destruction of its industry and natural resources. When siege proved incapable of breaking Israel, Gamal Abd al-Nasser of Egypt, Salal al-Jadid of Syria and King Husayn I of Jordan massed all their troops on Israel's borders in 1967 and proudly announced to the international media that their goal was the "absolute destruction of the Zionist entity." PLO leader Ahmed Shuqayri was even more explicit, boasting the tripartite armies would "throw the Jews into the sea." After Israel prevailed in the Six-Day War, it offered a peace treaty with all the Arab states and to return the West Bank and the Gaza strip which it had captured during the

fighting. In Khartoum, Sudan, the Arab League answered Israel's offer with its three famous No's: No negotiations with Israel, No recognition of Israel and No peace with Israel.

Even today, Arafat's regime can't bring itself to live beside the Jewish State in peace. His two-state solution is a Palestinian state on the Gaza and West Bank where no Jews will be allowed to live. The expulsion of its 218,000 Jewish inhabitants is just one of his two main conditions for peace. His second condition is that any Palestinian, anywhere in the world, must be allowed to live in Israel as a citizen. This "Right of Return," is Arafat's way of saying what's mine is mine and what's yours is mine. The number of Palestinians would have the potential to change Israel's demography to the point where they could vote out the Jewish character of the state of Israel. In effect, Arafat wants to bring back Russia's pale of settlement. The Jews will be segregated to a strip of land where they are allowed to live while the Palestinians will have total freedom of movement to live any where they desire. With such an agenda, it is truly fitting that Arafat's party bears the name Fatah, Arabic for conquest. In 1947 Husayni rejected the proposal for an Arab Palestine next to a Jewish Israel. In September 2000, Arafat did the same thing. Husayni allied his cause with the Nazis and Arafat with Islamic Jihad. There has not been peace in the middle east because Palestinian and Arab leaders have never ceased to make war on the State of Israel.



THE JOLT ROUNDUP

by Aaron Buchsbaum, Columnist

SUPER! October Break Weekend Wrap-up, 13-15:

User 'abbreviatedman' is all about **'Taking Care of The Flies'**, and attempts to muster troops for a week-end raid on the SAGA infestation. Participants will be armed with fly-swatters, crappy magazines, and John Woo. New recruit 'Pro (Guest)' catches the gung-ho virus, promising to "give those bourgeois buggers a dose of revolutionary fervor!" Other dorm-stricken denizens are simply looking for a good game of Soul Caliber, flocking under the banner 'kill pixels, not pests'.

In food news, '~SweetCat~' queries whether SAGA is open during break. Jolt caretaker 'Lemmy' subsequently assures all concerned of the availability of nutritious smut. 'WondergirlF01' is more interested in the worthy pursuit of downloading music and porn. Unfortunately Gnutella ain't so chocolatey right now- as 'Jawlsensky' points out, The Man (formally known as IT) has ignited firewalls galore in a selfish ploy for extra bandwidth.

Wednesday, October 16:

'JPMarx' starts off the day by harkening to a previous discussion about Hampshire Halloween's invite-only policy. During the amiable conversation it is revealed that 'kittydisaster' is really Tom Doherty, a fact which shocks some and fails to budge others out of their raging apathy.

User 'Tito' brings a "strap on question" to the Jolt, revealing that "i want her to do me in the ass with a strap on, but thought it would be cool to do her at the

same time." Four out of eight responses involve phrases like "what the fuck?", while several others attempt to fathom screwing while being screwed. On a completely related tangent, 'Columbo' asks "who is your favorite fictional old-person detective?" Inspector Gadget: 30 years later.

Thursday, October 17:

"when you mess with one of our crew you mess with all of us. what what?!!!"

Thus spake 'mike greenwell' in the wee minutes of the morning (12:26am). Roughly eight hours later he is admonished by 'the platypus', apparently a member of the Kung Fu Madness Gang. User 'mark k. salamone' follows up a few minutes later by asserting the pen-ultimate authority of KFMG, and proceeds talk smack about 'mike greenwell', 'pete-y' and 'pablo' in no uncertain terms. Apparently this gang of Hamsters will only bow down to resident techno-wizard 'Lemmy', noting him as top dawg in the Jolt altiverse. In response, the double-plusungood MgPP trio creates a "Kung Fu Nugzness Gang". In the zoology section, a dog in Georgia needs to be adopted.

Friday, October 18:

There seems to be some confusion concerning the sexual orientation of Lemmy's cartoons. User 'steven' is convinced that the rainbow hair of Lemmy Koopa- a character taken from Nintendo staple Mario 3- makes him gay. A response from 'Joe (Guest)' draws upon a god-like fountain of logic, reducing an otherwise

complicated and subtle conversation to "i don't think you like video games very much, steven, and that makes you dumb."

In campus life, 'periaeria' is stoked about the "div II gong". Three out of five responses express similar excitement, with the other two calling for a div II bong. More discussion of Jolt gangs draws the night to a satisfactory conclusion.

Saturday, October 19:

Slim pickins for the forum-bound today, that is, unless you're a fan of 'pete-y', 'pablo', or 'mike greenwell'. A full thirteen out of thirty-five messages (including two banned) were posted with tender loving care by the NetHack Triumverate, with nearly half of those remaining being involved in, or otherwise responsive to, NHT-derived strings. Oddly, nothing substantive nor pertinent seems to have been discussed. Kudos to 'beebledbrox' for inviting the immediate world to "Chess!" on Sunday, and keeping the long standing tradition of chess club postings forever ripe and virulent.

Sunday, October 20:

Today there was a threesome:

According to 'old boy (Guest)' "All Div 3 women are sexy bitches. Hands down. They know how to work it". 'rjleland' establishes the "3 hottest people at hampshire". 'fernando sau' asks about the F3 party on friday night. Close to 3/5th's of the posts for today contained the number 3. It's pretty close to 3am as I'm writing this. Almost everybody was wearing

protection (i.e. anonymity) during this bout of passionate number-thumping, however 'rjleland' seems to have impregnated 1 of the 3 hotties.

Monday, October 21:

HEADLINE: Jolt Runs Rampant. Snarfs, Belches.

There are over 100 posts today. "America, Land of the Rich.." receives almost 21 hours worth of responses, with the brunt of the conversation consisting of what one would expect. Then, in a delightful display of both irony AND role reversal, 'fruit fly (guest)' proclaims "I am here to stay", directing all humans to simply "go screw!" instead of viciously murdering his/her brethren. User 'pussykilla!' only has one thing in mind, and according to 'tigerlilly' rare and valuable posters are being vandalized by a delinquent with lipstick. There are 27 postings about obesity. I read six but then passed out. I regained consciousness enough to read "Rap lyrics I wrote last night", and have since been in a coma.

Tuesday, October 22:

I'll get straight to point folks: "How many people would you actually (after meeting them and having at least one conversation with) sleep with on this campus...?" ["wonderer (Guest)"] User 'All Sexed Up (Guest)' answers with a resounding 7, while 'Philip Marlowe' limits himself to just 2 "hotties". A man named 'shel (Guest)' sends out a new call for black forum icons, while 'complainer (Guest)' posts a short novel entitled "Nancy Shew: A Complaint". It is later revealed this post is not original work, being instead plagiarized from the reputable website: <http://hugin.sigusr1.org/~pakin/>

complaint.

Checking the police logs, we find that the "lipstick BOOM girl" has struck down another innocent poster.

Wednesday, October 23:

Before even 1/24th of the day is past, apple-battle veteran 'SaboCat' makes a list of "complaints". Topics include the San Francisco Giants, the Internet, Ann Coulter, and the cold. Several responses echo Internet woes. A question about "hampshire halloween" goes horribly awry, resulting in a philosophical discussion about Rocco Sefreidi's ability to make women more articulate. Evidence is questionable. In an unrelated story, user 'Mishka' asks "Can we all wear cement shoes, too? They are so comfortable". This question is raised in a truncated discussion about misrepresentation of Italian Americans in Jolt iconography. **SPECIAL BONUS QUOTE!** "as my uncle Bill used to say, first time's funny, second time's silly, and third time deserves a spanking. I have a paddle" 'Guest name (Guest)'

Thursday, October 24:

Were there a Hampshire College Superpowers Collective, they would probably spend most of their time saving people from Jolt-Girl, and her groovy sidekick Offensive-Boy (Note: genders and respective pronouns are interchangeable).

User 'Guest name (Guest)' doesn't seem terribly impressed with Ann Coulter, but 'Guest name (Guest)' responds that s/he is simply being immature. At 2:14am 'Guest name (Guest)' gets in on the action, heartily agreeing with 'Guest name (Guest)'s original post. However, 'Guest name

(Guest)' remains unconvinced. In food news, 'please read' considers rice to be very "important", and quite tasty as well.

Friday, October 25:

Mod resident '89er (Guest)' informs the immediate world of a "Party in 89 Sat!!!!!!", requiring you "Come wearing only your favorite underwear." Make sure you know your basic math skills, because sexy sous-vêtements = free booze! In the Healthy Living section, user 'dear mike (Guest)' seems convinced 'mike greenwell' lives on an "all-poop diet", expressing a genuine zeal for such a unique lifestyle. However, it may just be a passive-aggressive method of saying 'you eat shit', 'you talk shit', or (more likely) 'primates wish they were half as competent shit-flingers as you'.

Saturday, October 26:

User '~SweetCat~' is a woman looking for a haircut, but unfortunately is not familiar with quality salons in the area. A trip to Ochoa's in NoHo is recommended by 'a good answer (Guest)', while 'Dear Sweetcat (Guest)' simply sends her "to a poop salon". Four more posts in three hours inexplicably mention poop as well, although none of these concern places of hair maintenance. More props going out to 'beebledbrox' for continuing the time-honored tradition of chess awareness, giving all interested parties a solid 2 hours and 44 minutes to prep their skills. User 'shams esh shamoussi (Guest)' asks if Hampshire boys are down with some "Casual Kissing"; 'ramon' might be if "an attractive woman actually enrolled here." It burns.



THE LOST HISTORY OF TIME TRAVEL

by Michael Benni Pierce, historian

MIRrios Technique: (n.) Hidden art of time travel. Developed by Dark Monks in 1348. Developmental set of meditation that allows user to pierce the tapestry of the 4th dimension and travel up and down it along one's own timeline. You cannot change the past nor can you effect the future with this technique. When you travel, you will appear as yourself, as you were at the time, at the exact time and place you were when you had lived that moment originally, i.e. If you were in the supermarket on 7/6/98 at 23:11, and then, were to travel to that exact moment years later, you would find yourself in the supermarket again, no matter what you did.

Beth had spent years mastering the MIRrios Technique of time travel. Above the grasp of science and below the watchful eyes of wise men, the MIRrios Technique had been designed by a Chapter of Dark Monks during the ages of the Black Death in Europe. Wanting to flee the death all around them, the Monks spent day after day, night after night, tirelessly working on a way for them to "... defy the Lord who did not watch after his sheep." And the Dark Monks were successful.

Throughout the ages, the MIRrios Technique was passed down from generation to generation. The only rule about using the technique for time travel was: "No more than ELEVEN may know, no more than SEVEN may use, and no more than ONE shall be mightier than HE." The one mightier than HE was given the right to become judge, jury, and executioner should the need ever arise. Usually, this Monk had the most control of his MIRrios, giving him the ability to actually change the past, and effectively, the future. He was the killer, sent to stop renegade monks, destroy other power hungry soul men, and keep the peace with time. And there was always only ONE.

Beth's mother had been one of seven monks allowed to use the MIRrios Technique. However, during her pregnancy, the Council of Dark Monks (now known as the Keepers of Time)

decided that her child shall not be one of the new seven when the time presented itself. Beth's mother was insulted, and stormed out of the Council. Beth was born months later, and at the age of 6, Beth's mother began teaching her the power of the MIRrios. It was not out of spite, nor out of revenge, but out of values. The MIRrios was a large part of who Beth's mother was. To not pass it on would be to keep a part of herself from her daughter, and she could not shield things from something she had created.

And now, 26 years after she had begun learning, Beth attempted to use the MIRrios, for one simple task: to save her mother from being killed by the ONE. Of course, at the same time, she was on the run from him, trying to stay one step ahead. A cat and mouse race through time, though it sometimes resembled a dog chasing its own tail.

Beth was very talented at the MIRrios Technique, having extended her learning beyond her mother's with nights of her own meditation and self-conditioning. She knew that if she tried hard enough, she could develop the power of the ONE, and change the past just once, just long enough to save her mother. However, no matter what she did, the past did not change, the future did not

rewrite itself, and her mother's ashes remained, sitting above her fireplace. But the chase was coming to an end ... though neither one realized it.

"When you're mother died, I was away! You know that! There was nothing I could do!"

"Bullshit! You locked yourself away from us and we were forced to live alone." Father and daughter had not seen each other in 5 years. Since her mother's death 8 years ago, Beth had grown angrier and more bitter at her father's negligence, and soon after, abandonment of her.

"You never called! You never cared! Why are you even here now? And why did I even see you ..." Beth collapsed into a dining room chair. Time traveling took

continued on page 13



Div Three?

by Lis Gambino

ROCCOLOGY



ROCCO-NAUT

by Karl Moore, columnist

Once again, Hampshire Hello! Oh, right to point- I reading magazine on porno set days ago, in "down time"—no for me, I always "up"-cock meaning. They need fix camera lens or some things. Any way, Magazine *Omni* very interesting- always talk about space! Space not in between butt halves like normal I am thinking of- is space of stars and planets. Now I know criticize I America sometimes-admitting, sometimes is jealous. My native *Italia* has no program space, America has. I fancy always myself in no gravity- wonders, questions! Example, if I am coming, I expect it float about after. But, it is sphere or have no shape? I no know! If I am on one side of shuttle, other side is gaping-anus girl, if I jerk off and flick with cock, it fly straight line or with Earth curvature? Then, is problem for cleanup- if juices flying every where, how you clean? On Earth, is easy- all running down. In space, get all over- unless expensive laminate, make spark, death crash. If laminate, can fun happen! Sexy young porno girl at one end, me at other, we push off and spin until cock interlock. Like *Space Odyssey*, yes?

Only no *Blue Danube*, no! Must be fast, like future- no relent, grind-cocking fury! Other problem: after anal

reaming in space several filth girl, what to do with used condom? Never should throw in ordinary toilet- and never more in toilet costing 340,000,000,000,000 *lire*. (Several less dollar U.S.) What do? Maybe for NASA nest.

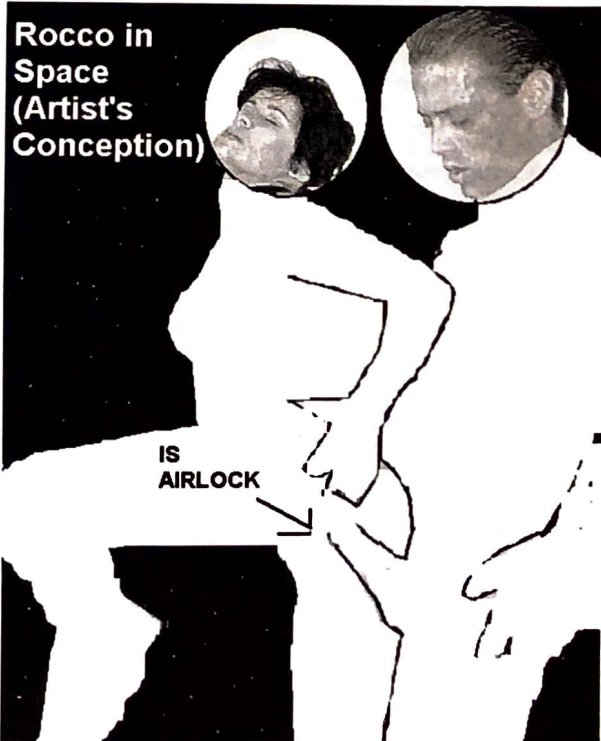
Only part space frightening me is outer- vacuum suck all out- if only over cock, maybe

make bigger, but even tiny hole make entire person explode! Normal, I fan of tiny hole, but never worth of death So care, care I take if go up in space- deserve more than Lance Bass!

Ciao,



Rocco in Space (Artist's Conception)



BOOK REVIEWS AND THE NEW MALE

By Dorian Gittleman, contributor

Back in the day, when I was a Hampshire student, I remember sitting around with my friends and moaning about how I no longer had time to read. Talk about geek in withdrawal. But since I moved back to Louisville, I find that I have more than enough time to drive to my locally owned bookstore, peruse, and actually purchase a book. I purchase said book(s) with money from my pays-more-than-minimum-wage job. It's so nice to be away from the world of "student body = cheap labor."

Bitching about Hampshire jobs is totally NOT what I wanted to talk about. What I'm interested in is this reasonably new phenomenon of the young white male sexually self-confessional novel. You probably have no idea what I'm talking about.

Maybe two years ago I was given a book of short stories/personal essays called *Naked* by David Sedaris. Most of you have probably heard of it, or the book that followed, *Me Talk Pretty One Day*. If you haven't read either of these books, you should check them out. I thought *Me Talk Pretty* was especially funny, although perhaps lacking the insight into *growing up Gay* that *Naked* gave so forthrightly.

All of the stories in both books are completely autobiographical, and are very... this is me, this is me talking, this is me talking about me. It's like someone took a Dictaphone to a coffee shop and this is what went he fed into said Dictaphone. And actually, if you're the industrious type, you can go out and find the recording of him reading his

book. It's important to hear him reading at least once, because probably the best story in *Me Talk Pretty One Day* is him talking about his experience with speech therapy and curing his lisp. He refers to his speech class as "future homosexuals of America", which might not sound funny out of context, but was fucking hilarious at the time. As was most of the book.

David Sedaris was the first young male writer I read that spoke eloquently and openly about non-conventional sexuality, at least in a humorous popular fiction sort of way. But actually, he seems to be part of an emerging trend. Since *Naked*, I've encountered several other writers of his generation that give similar voice to sexuality. Mocking. Humble. Self-deprecating. But in no way apologetic. Despite some of them professing a certain kind of heterosexuality, they're undeniably feminine and inclined towards submission. These are the males I feel are even more ostracized than the typical gay male, who is somewhat protected by political correctness and the possibility of a community.

This past summer, I was indulging in a long perusal of the *nerve.com* website, when I came across a writer named Kevin Keck. Kevin, or Keck as he answers his e-mails, is an avowed heterosexual. However, he had some serious issues because at a far too early age, he discovered what a pleasure one's prostate can give. As a woman, I have no idea what it feels like, but I'm far closer to

understanding the sensation of having one's prostate stimulated thanks to Kevin, who wrote about various experiences at great length for *Nerve*. Anyone who gets a chance should go to *nerve.com* or *thekeck.com*, and check out his work. Or better yet, send him an e-mail. I chose to do so after some deliberation, and got a reply back almost immediately. He is one charming guy. He also has a thing for Southern Jewish girls, the qualifications of which I meet. And he's cute.

Another short story/personal essay writer I encountered while at large in a Louisville bookstore is Jonathan Ames. His latest book, entitled *My Less Than Secret Life* is a compilation of excerpts from his column in the *New York Press*, stories in *Shout* magazine, a strange encounter with an even stranger girl, and essays of both sexual and non-sexual content. He separates them into sections, sex or no sex. Sex is the bigger section. No surprise there. He's another funny funny guy, who's writing about experiences I've never imagined, and making me want to find him, tie him down, and make him tell me stories until he or I croak.

My favorite of his little tidbits that I've read so far (I've been savoring his book, which is reasonably substantial, for a month now), is a story called *I Should Sue Myself for Libel*. Not only does it talk about coning, but he makes very nice statements about the new, as yet unlabelled, sexuality. His best line is a response to someone telling

continued from previous page BOOK REVIEWS AND THE NEW MALE

him "I hope I haven't outed you, young man." Jonathan responds, "Don't worry. In, out, upside down, it's all the same to me." But you need to read the story. I'm desperate to try coning now.

The thing about determining one's category (gay, straight, etc.) is that it hinges on more than one's sexuality. I like having sex with girls and I don't think it makes me bisexual. I wouldn't date a girl. I'm not interested in having a relationship or pursuing romantic attachment. But I do think chicks are hot. For one thing, they've got breasts, amazing things, and vaginas, which are nothing short of phenomenal. They have nails and curves and

I could keep going on about this but I won't.

The point is actually that I can say these things and no one will be particularly surprised or offended. But for a guy to be fascinated by another cock or transsexuals, and not actually be gay... this is not so accepted. Hell, on Hampshire campus, maybe the most liberal campus in the United States of America, I've found people with issues towards male sexuality. Guys who sleep in both camps are regarded suspiciously, and the "questioning" male is the bane of males and females alike. It's bad to be undecided. What if you decide to be undecided?

My point, I suppose, is to go out and read these books. That's what I'm getting at. Especially Jonathan Ames, who I think is the most evocative and carries with him the widest variety of experience. Remember, even though you're in school, do some reading for pleasure. Otherwise, your brain gets all mushy-like, and you forget to think outside.. I'm not going to say the box, but the classroom? I don't know. Independent thought.

Have a good Halloween everybody. I'm around Halloween weekend, so say hi if you see me! XO XO, Dorian



continued from page 10

THE LOST HISTORY OF TIME TRAVEL

a lot out of you. It also required large amounts of time. Beth's house was covered in dust, as if someone didn't even live there. The air was stale, and moldy food covered the kitchen counters. But she knew that if she could rescue her mother, this timeline would cease to exist, and this mess would never come to be. And they could run away together, make a pact with the Council promising them that they would never use their powers again. They would be able to live out the rest of their lives unharmed by the ONE and the rest of the Keepers of Time.

"... and I wanted to apologize." He stopped. "You're not even listening to me, are you?"

Beth jumped back up to her feet, "I never listened to you a day in my life." She stormed from the room into the kitchen. She grabbed a dirty glass, filled it with tap water, and drank deeply. She

was sweating, though it was less than 40 degrees outside.

"Beth ... honey ... what do you want from me?"

"Nothing from you."

"Then why the hell am I here?"

"Because! I don't know. Jesus! You write me a letter telling me you want to talk and this is you. Talking. Great! Why the fuck are you—"

"A letter?? Beth, I didn't write you a letter ... you wrote me a letter."

"Like Hell I did. The last person I wanted to see is you."

"Do you have your letter?" he asked, sincerely concerned.

"The one you sent me? Yeah.

It's under the bread. On the table." Beth took another sip from the glass of water. Something wasn't right. Her father moved the bread, and pulled up a stained piece of stationary. After looking at it

momentarily, he pulled out another piece of paper, similar in color and texture, out of his jacket pocket. Beth felt a cold shiver, and then walked over to investigate.

"Beth ... this letter that you received ... I received one just like it."

"I know Dad. I can see. I'm not blind as well as dumb." Father and daughter, stood together, contemplating what this might mean. The letters were printed on the exact same paper, and each even featured a single signature from each of them respectively. But neither of them had signed these letters. Neither of them had even seen these letters before.

But as if a bolt of lightning shot thru the room, Beth and Beth's father jumped apart!

"You know what this is, don't you?" she yelled.

"I do now ... I can't believe

continued on page 16

POST-DATED CHECK

Dude. Hampshire Halloween sure did suck this year. Yeah with all that could have been with my \$35,000 a year you'd think they could do more than light a few fireworks and block off a road. I came dressed in my finest hoping it would be better than a bell ringing with a budget. For god's sake, the party didn't go anywhere? I saw people I haven't seen since last week's all community dinner. I mean, boy was it great not recognizing my friends. Who can forget the when the coolest preteen ever came up to me and asked where he could "score" some coke? That little prick was nursing his first chin hair and using words he learned from *Blow* like he knew what the fuck he was talking about. I mean, come on.

Whose fucking idea was it to have a haunted hayride? I saw the hay, and I felt the ride but give me a break. I've had more thrills sitting in a rusty shopping cart. Oooh scary, let's visit trees in the overgrown backwoods of campus. It was like a tram ride at Disneyland. Don't forget your camera.

Did I mention all the things I learned?

Art

Several well designed costumes.

English

Costumes that doubled as puns and had to be explained by proprietor in valiant effort to make me feel dumb.

Economics

Ecstasy.....\$5/tablet*
Cocaine.....\$30/gram*
Marijuana.....\$4/joint*
Mushrooms.....\$20/bag*
Acid.....\$10/drop*
Alcohol.....Donations only*
Nicotine.....(\$6 a pack - 18 "borrowed" cigarettes) = \$3 ea.

*Prices subject to inflation per special circumstances

History

Those who don't learn history are doomed to repeat it:

-Sober misanthropic jackasses talking about their feelings toward fellow community members in the comfort of a house office. No fucking different from class when the same self-important fuggers (sic) complain about shit that only stinks philosophically.

-The campus was closed this year, rationale being that it had been closed before.

-Hangovers have been known to hurt so bad I'd rather chew on glass, still I imbibe.

Science

Mind altering experiences

(cf.) Economics.

Mathematics

(cf.) Economics.

Sexual Education

-Search for costume's complement (e.g. Tweedle dee ~ Tweedle dum) proceed with expected.

-(cf.) Economics.

Physical Education

Strength training: Dragged passed out friend to safe space.

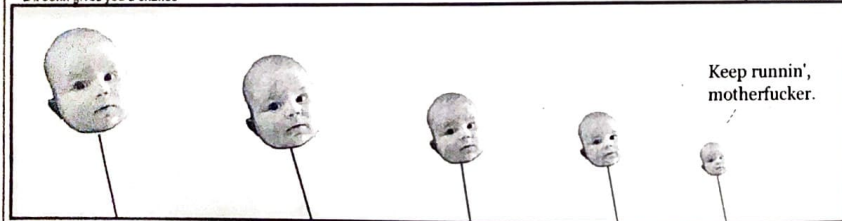
Aerobic: Walked/jogged/ran in search of pharmaceuticals/widgets.

Cardiovascular: Considered Supply and Demand as one ran from newly conned frat boy that shouldn't even have been allowed at Exclusive party. You know what it really was? This closed campus bullshit! Exclusive to the Hampshire community. What the fuck is a community? Hampshire is already the size of a cupcake. So why can't Amherst Regional High School be the sprinkles. Those colorful charmers with their skateboards, have such promise. Their alums will compete for the same local jobs as ours will after graduation. Maybe we didn't let many in, but remember: No One Gets Out of the Valley.



L'il John gives you a chance

by Gabriel McKee



While walking to my 9 AM class one cold Monday morning, a revolutionary idea popped into my head, one that's sure to impact the world as much as the Internet, perhaps more so! Some people may say my idea is the best thing since sliced bread, but I don't think sliced bread is all that good. No doubt my invention will be much better.

You see, as I trudged on to class, I realized that I was probably going to arrive early. Not just a few minutes early, but possibly the first person to arrive. Yeah, that early. Why was I that early? Well, there is a 77-minute disparity between my watch and computer clock, so I'm never quite sure what time it is. Arriving late to class would be intolerable (we have an "intense hour of study", after all), so instead I must depart from Jolt HQ early to ensure that I will arrive on time, which I always do, very much in time. I had neglected to bring reading material to consume the excess time because it takes me a considerable amount of time to settle in to what I'm reading, and I wasn't *that* early. I was, therefore, faced with five or ten minutes of nothing to do until class started... what a waste!

Now, you might be thinking, it's no big deal, five or ten minutes. Very likely you're thinking I'm an idiot and should just fix my clocks. Well, yeah, I probably should do that (come October 27 the disparity will be reduced to two minutes without my intervention). However, this problem presents itself even to those whose clocks are accurate. Ever arrived to the

DTime DISPENSER™

bus stop to early, and had to wait until the bus showed up (late, more than likely)? Ever had to wait for your scheduled appointment, because the person in front of you was taking up more than his allotted period of time? Wouldn't it be great if you could save this time and put it to better use in the future? Ah! Now we're on the same page!

My invention, which I have lovingly titled DTime Dispenser (I love to put D's in front of stuff, you may notice), will allow you to bottle that excess time. Don't wait for the bus to show up! Enter a state of hibernation, and save a few minutes for later. Save five minutes, then wake up and see if your bus has arrived. You've just saved yourself five minutes of boredom, but that's not even the best part, not by a long shot. Paper due in today's class, and it's not finished? Carpool arrived and you're not ready? Time to crack open that time you saved! You now have five more last minutes to complete your task. Believe me, that can be priceless.

However, time will not be priceless anymore. That's right, you'll be able to buy more time, literally! No longer will time be a universal equalizer; like money, it will be distributed unequally (and most likely unfairly as well). Many people have too much time on their hands, you know, like people who are unemployed or don't have enough hobbies. Even you will, on occasion, have time you don't need. For a reasonable salary, say, \$6.50 an hour, people will be able to sell their excess time. When you're feeling a little

short on time, just head on over to your local DTime Dispenser and buy a time can. These machines will look a lot like your every day soda machine. At first only 15-, 30-, and 60-minute cans of time will be available, but more denominations will be released in the future.

With DTime Dispenser everybody wins! Those with too much time can trade it in for good, hard cash; those who need time will be able to get more and do as they will; everyone will be able to save time as use it at a later date (if they have bought DPortable Time Trader, available starting at \$50,000). DTime Dispenser will have many positive, indirect effects as well. For example, since time sellers will receive \$6.50 an hour, minimum-wage workers will by necessity see a salary increase so that they do not quit their manual-labor job for the easy and more profitable task of selling time.

Prices for DTime Dispensers, DPortable Time Traders, and time cans will start high, but will drop as the technology becomes cheaper to make. Eventually I will reduce the cost of time cans by collecting time from animals, like plankton or elephants. I mean, how much time do they really need anyway? Clearly humans will put that time to much better use (and put plenty of money in my pocket as well).

Truly, everyone profits from DTime Dispenser, guaranteed to change the world as we know it. The only problem? I probably won't have time to invent it until I already have one.



TOKEN LATINA IS TAKING APPLICATIONS

Now that I am Div Three, I am taking requests to be my Div Three distraction. Duties include but not limited to: head pats, numerous well done back rubs, letting me crash at your place when my Div Three makes me run screaming from my room, telling me over and over again that my life after graduation will be OK, keeping my favorite snacks (by snacks I mean Tanqueray Gin and pretzels) and movies on hand, reading me eerie nighttime stories, and tucking me in. You should also be willing to brush my hair and treat me to Thai food when I have been a good girl.

Futon a plus.

If you think you have what it takes to endure a cranky bitter Div Three and you are male and are 19+ then by all means fill out the application and mail it to box 1203.

Name:

Age:

Concentration:

How clean is your room?

How often do you shower? Do you sing in the shower?

Are you somewhat masochistic?

Boxers or briefs?

What is your favorite musical?

Write a few lines describing what it is exactly you think to gain being Token Latina's Div Three distraction and what you think you have to offer.



continued from page 13

it ... my own daughter. I should have guessed."

"You can't stop me. I hope you know this."

"Not only do I know this, but the Keepers do as well. We're in danger here. We have to leave." There was no movement.

"The letters were a rouge then? Set up as a booby trap, to get us here? They knew you couldn't stop me, so they've got us both here to finish the job, because, what good is a ONE if he can't stop his own daughter ..."

"Beth, listen to me. I can handle the Keepers. But you're always going to be in danger. No matter what you do, but I can help. I can help you be free from this ..."

"What the hell do you care???"

"You're still my daughter goddammit! I had to kill my own wife and I won't lose you the same way! Now listen to me ..."

Beth began to weep. It was almost too much for her to hear.

"Please Beth, just listen. There is a 60 minute gap in time that

exists at this date ... a little over two years from now ..." He began writing on one of the letters. She looked up, wiping away the tears, and then noticed the date.

"My birthday?"

"Yes ... I remember it better that way. Anyway, go here, now, and I'll be there, though I've got to talk to the Keepers first. They won't question my judgment just yet ... which gives us a window to stop them before they do anything to you, or to me."

"I ... just ... can't believe you killed her." Beth took the piece of

Theoretical



Calvinball

by Jeffrey Paternostro, columnist

HALF-ASSING THE HALF AN ASS I BROUGHT

So I've been really busy this week and didn't have time to write an actual *Omen* article. You probably didn't want to read about my feelings on Sylvia Plath, Tom Stoppard's teleplays, and Necrophilia anyway. So I give you Magnum TOKYO dancing. It speaks for itself.



Until next time, vote yes on Proposition 24.



THE LOST HISTORY OF TIME TRAVEL

paper from him.

"I had no choice. She had broken a law that had been in existence for over 500 years. If I didn't, we would have all been dead a long time ago." Beth realized that she shouldn't be crying for a killer, and began her meditation.

"In just a moment, I'll see you, two years, 12 days, and eleven minutes from now. Promise me." Her father nodded, and then took her hand in his.

"I'll never stop loving you, Beth ..."

she heard.

The cemetery was cold, as all cemeteries usually are. The bleak stones slowly pull the emotions from you. No pictures to remind you of your lost ones. Only words, carved in stone, to console your beating heart. Nathaniel Burton stood beside a freshly planted grave, the newest by far in the area. He knelt down beside it, placed a flower on the bed of reseeded grass, and softly uttered the words, "I kept my promise Beth. It's your birthday, and I'm here. I'm sorry that it had to come

to this. I'm sorry that you're mother had to get you involved at such a young age. I should have stopped this long ago, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. But now, you simply left me no choice ... I'm so sorry Beth. I love you." With this, he stood, sighed, and walked away. Her death had been painless ... just like time traveling into your body years earlier when you had been at a supermarket.

"Rest in peace my baby."



THE DECLARATION OF 101

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one mod to dissolve the political bands which have connected it to all others, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and superior station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle it, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that it should declare the causes which impel it to the separation.

We hold this truth to be self-evident: that Mod 101 is Mod 101. That Mod 101 is the source of what is 101, and that all that is not 101 does not derive from the source of what 101 is. And that in order to secure and protect the source of 101, Mod 101 has been instituted. Thus, when the nature of that which is not 101 begins to overcome and obscure this truth, the truth of 101, it has and will become necessary that 101 establish a separate sovereignty amongst and above that which has failed to achieve the aspiration of 101. It is therefore necessary that 101, in its inestimable goodness and truth, eliminate entirely those ties which bind it to all things that are not 101.

As it is necessary for the survival of the species itself, and so that the unknowable truth and totality of 101 can be protected from those who would seek to destroy or eclipse it, Mod 101 will become an independent entity, separate from all powers that are not itself. So that all people will one day enjoy the freedom of truth, that the world itself will be free from the bonds that keep it from achieving the state conducive to an understanding of 101, and that all men and women will be able to pursue the truth and the Source without regard to that which is not

101, Mod 101 must and forever will be nothing less than itself, free in its entirety, complete in its separateness, the Truth, the Source, and the ability to pursue these to their uttermost ends.

In the respect of the eyes of the powers of the world, it is henceforth necessary to delineate the reasons and the necessities for Mod 101 becoming independent of that which is not Mod 101.

Because Mod 101 is the Source. Only the Source can truly be the Source, and all of the powers which are not the Source will only serve to eclipse the Source, masking it.

Because Mod 101 is the Truth. Only the Truth can be the Truth, and all the powers which are not 101 will seek to hide and obscure this Truth, so that in the eyes and minds of men it cannot be found and seen as true.

Because Mod 101 is Prime. Because Mod 101 is Prime, it is therefore indivisible, and all the powers that are not 101 must therefore be neither within nor without it.

Because Mod 101 is Itself. Only Mod 101 can be Mod 101, and thus, only Mod 101 can truly be Itself. All the powers which are not 101 cannot truly be Mod 101, and so, Mod 101 must continue to be Itself, unhindered.

This is what Mod 101 is, but the powers that are not 101 have defied the Truth and Source of 101, declaring that it is not Prime, and that it is not Itself. They have committed perjury and perpetrated monstrous things upon 101, hindering its existence as itself, obscuring the Truth, eclipsing the Source,

and denying the Primacy of 101. The history of these powers is one of Tyranny and Cruelty, and for the purpose of understanding this declaration, let the facts be laid candid before the eyes of the world, the crimes of the powers that are not 101:

They have refused their Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

They have called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from Mod 101, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with their measures.

They have dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness their invasions on the rights of the people.

They have refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; Mod 101 remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

They have endeavoured to prevent the population of Mod 101; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

They have obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing their Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

They have made Judges dependent on their Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and

It is henceforth necessary to delineate the reasons and the necessities for Mod 101 becoming independent of that which is not Mod 101.

the amount and payment of their salaries.

They have erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

They have kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures

They have affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Source, the Truth, and the Primacy.

They have combined with others of their ilk to subject Mod 101 to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by the Source and Truth of Mod 101; giving their Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into us: Mod: For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

They have abdicated Government here, by declaring 101 out of

their Protection and waging War against it.

They have plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

They are at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy even of powers that are not 101.

But these crimes, perpetrated against 101, are not the sole reason necessitating its independence. The Truth and Source of 101 is Primacy in itself, and mirrored in every aspect of human existence. All truths are shadows of the Truth, all things drawn from the Source, and the Primacy of 101 is Apparent, for 101 is Itself, and nothing else is, though all things are truly aspects of what 101 is.

There are 101 forces of Dynamic Opposition, influencing and affecting Human Destiny.

There are 101 Humours, within every human being, the forces of Internal Opposition that affect and define all that a human is.

There are 101 dimensions that the matter of our Universe contrives to exist in, dimensions whereby the full truth of what is and is not 101 can be conceived.

The most powerful of all the elements is the 101st element, Mendelevium, the element of the maker of the Periodic Table itself. This is the element that all true Alchemists, seeking the Truth and the Source, attempt to create with their alchemical workings.

There are 101 branches of knowledge and wisdom, aspects of the Truth, to which the men and women of the world aspire to.

As depicted in all True religions, every mortal soul must be

reincarnated 101 times before true understanding of the Source and be achieved.

There are 101 True senses, beyond the human five, whereby all of existence can be understood.

There are 101 wavelengths of energy, defining and delineating the world of vision that humans are subject to.

Physics recognizes 101 sub-atomic particles, and 101 forces that act on them, and that they, in turn, mediate—science, therefore, is defined and created from the Truth that is 101.

101 is the Prime Number, the number from which all whole numbers are merely shadows, aspects of the Truth and the Source.

Because the Truth of 101 is apparent in every aspect of science, nature, and thought, and because the powers that are not 101 have conspired to eclipse the Source and obscure the Truth of 101 with their myriad perfidies, it is necessary that Mod 101 become independent and separate from all powers that, with their flawed natures, have failed to achieve the Primacy of 101.

Thus, Mod 101 declares itself, by the authority of the Source and the Truth, by the added authority of its Primacy, a free and independent State, beyond all states of matter and political states, absolved from all ties and allegiance to the British Crown, and with the sovereign ability to be one and only Itself, to exist as the Source, to exist as the Truth, to be the Prime state of being, to conclude peace and open trading agreements with all foreign powers. And so it is that with a firm reliance in the Primacy of the Truth and the Source that Mod 101 pledges Itself to be Itself, and so commits its Primacy, its Truth, and the nature of the Source itself, come what may come.





GROWING UP IN HELL

by Beth Day, columnist

I like hearing people talk about their childhoods. I like talking about mine. It seems everyone comes from their own little childhood culture that basically has to do with where they grew up and how much their parents cared about whom they associated with. If I grew up anywhere, I grew up amongst the chain-link fence backyards and alleys of my late 60's era townhouse community.

Summers were the best times. The alleys in our neighborhood would be full of dirty tanned kids who lived in their bathing suits. Each alley had its own special asset. The alley going down the hill from ours had the best sledding, and the alley across the street circled this big patch of grass that was perfect for games. Our alley had a little bit that connected it to the street that we used for constant kickball games. This one alley had this house that we believed had a witch living in it. We would dare each other to run up the backyard and peer into the window. Rumor had it that if the witch saw you, you'd be cursed.

My mom had two rules about the alley. Don't go beyond where I can see you (very arbitrary) and don't go in the alley barefoot. Both of these rules my brother and I broke as often as we could get away with it, me more than him because of my easily distracted nature. I also simply refused to wear shoes in the summertime. My feet would be hard as rocks by the end of the summer.

I knew where people lived by their backyards, not their front doors. The front of everyone's houses looked the same, but

backyards could be differentiated from each other by the various toys and sheds they contained. Backyards were where all the fun was after all. I had a habit of wandering off with random groups of kids. My mother would go crazy worrying where I was and I would end up in someone's yard I had just met down the alley, or in another alley. I don't think I knew the names of half the kids I played with. We didn't fear adults; our whole world was governed by ourselves and the possibility of punishment by our parents. In retrospect, being older and more aware of what goes on in my neighborhood, that was a dangerous way to be.

The top of the hill where my brother and I lived was the center of life in our alley. All the kids in the alley would bring their coolest toys out, new My Little Ponies, movie sticker books, baseball cards, G. I. Joes. We'd all sit in the middle of the alley proudly showing off our possessions and inventing all kinds of stories. The only reason anyone would like anyone else is whether the other person had something you wanted to play with or was able to come up with fun ideas of things to do.

The alley was cracked and falling apart. A large crack had been worn in the cement by water rushing down the hill to the storm drains. We'd pretend it was a river. Everyone had a bike. If you didn't have a bike then too bad you couldn't play with us because we weren't going to do anything else. We'd ride around in circles in the alley for hours. I went from my

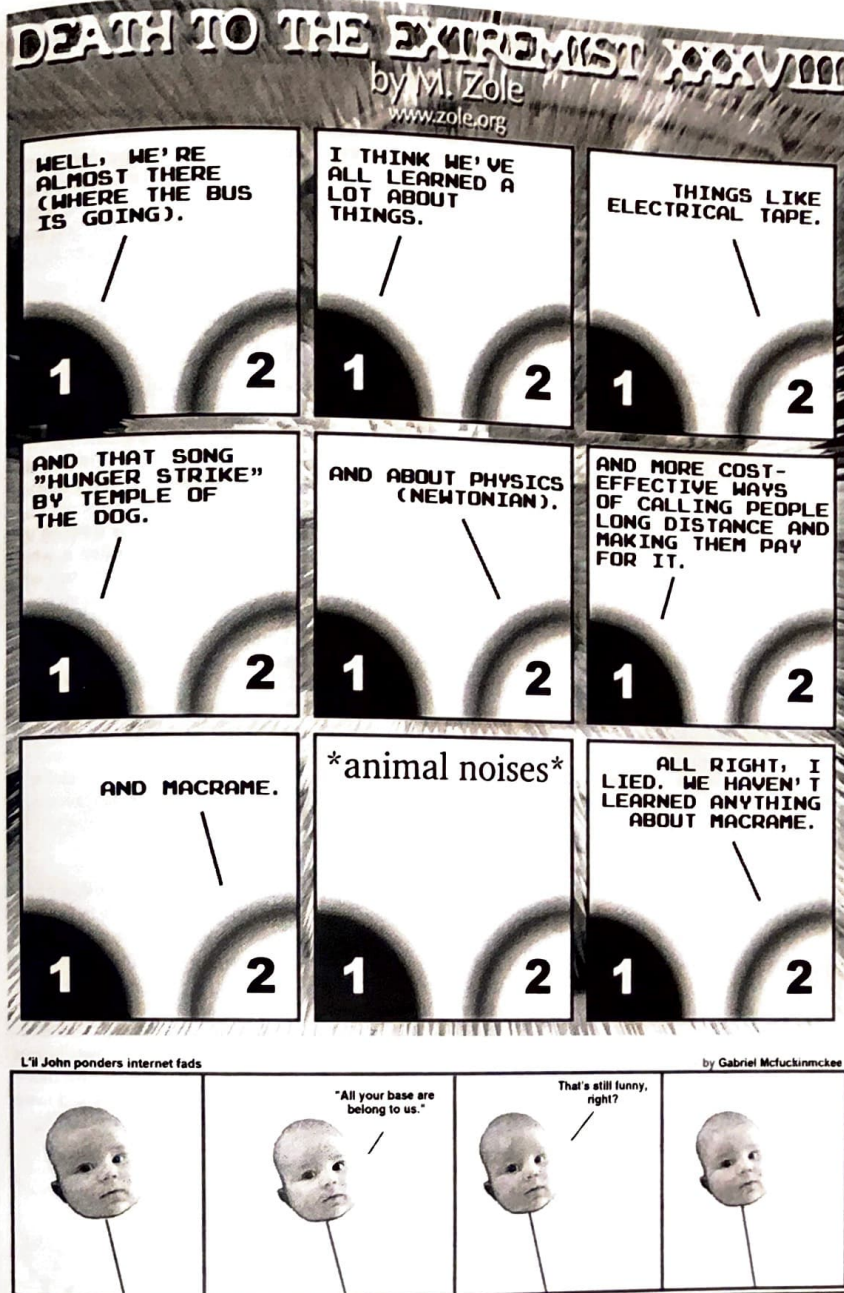
Cabbage Patch Big Wheel to

my hand-me-down blue bike with training wheels to my awesome purple Huffa bike. Dude there can't be anything cooler to an 8-year-old girl in the late 80's than a purple Huffa bike.

We all looked up to the older kids. For me it was my neighbor Colleen and her knowledge of 80's music and other current pop culture. She played lots of Madonna and various 80's songs about sex. I don't think I even knew what sex was at the time but I knew it was something little girls weren't supposed to talk about.

My brother and I were cool because of our various schemes. First of all, we were the only ones in our alley who had a swing set. We also had nifty clubhouses we'd made out of those wooden forklift things. I even had furniture made from cable spools. We used to play an awful version of Frogger on the swing set where the other kids had to run through the swings as we sung back and forth in opposite directions. My brother and I would also hook up a swing and the trapeze opposite each other and just slam into each other. We had a "fair" where we invited all the kids in the neighborhood to come play on our swingset and play in our sandbox turned pool. We charged admission. We often made awesome waterslides out of tarps that were the envy of every other kid in the neighborhood. You take two tarps, have a hose and sprinkler running over it, and it's twice as good as any store bought Slip N' Slide. Everyone was also jealous of our

continued on page 23





Good Lil Omen Lass

by Rosalina Valdez, columnist

For the past week I've woken up to dreams about my childhood. All my classes this year have to do with some aspect of childhood. And so help me, whenever I see children and I end up a babbling idiot. It's quite simple really, I have kids on the brains.

Now this doesn't mean that I'm going to pop up a child for all of you guys in this article. Too much afterbirth and I don't think it would be wise for me to warp one of my offspring's minds just yet. That and I don't think you readers want the Omen's version of The Miracle of Life.

All this thinking about kids and childhood made me think about myself as a kid. Geezus, I was a clumsy ass kid. I was so bizarre. So I think for this article I'm going to recall some of my favorite "Childhood Dumbass Moments".

Childhood Dumbass Moment #1 (Age 8)

I'm finally getting the cajones to learn how to ride a bike. I decide to do this in front of my house on the street. I'm riding up and down my street when I decide to try and use the brakes. Long



Kitty courtesy of RateMyKitten.com

CHILDHOOD BLUNDERING

story short, I'm on the street, bike over me, and ten seconds away from getting run over... by a cousin.

Childhood Dumbass Moment #2 (Age 6 or so)

I'm at the Pebble Beach golf courses with my dad and my brother. Pebble Beach's golf courses have deer roaming about every so often and this particular day I thought I should go and "commune with nature". There were deer in a group, I move closer to them, start making funny faces at them and they start running after me. The only thing that saved me from getting my ass kicked by deer was my brother yelling out to my dad that they were chasing me.

Childhood Dumbass Moment #3 (Age 5)

I used to love Sesame Street and would throw a fit if I couldn't watch it daily. One day I was in my parents' bedroom watching it and couldn't hear what they were saying. I lean off the bedpost onto the bureau where the television was placed and tried to reach the

controls. I lose my footing, fall, but grab on to the bureau and start screaming at the top of my lungs. My brother finds me hanging from the bureau crying and has to pull me down.

Childhood Dumbass Moment #4 (Age 5)

This incident made me never stray from the group again. It was my little sister's christening party and it was being thrown at her godparents' house. One of my uncles' was kind enough to take all the kids down to the local park so we could get away from all the boring adult talk. After a while I got bored with playing tag with everyone else and I go down some steps where I find a Merry Go Round and another kid playing. I play for a good hour when I realize that I should probably go back to group. When I go back to where everyone was playing, no one is there. I start crying, look around for a bit and realize I have to find a way back home. Of course, I was a kid that got sidetracked a lot, so I ended up talking with someone who had a dog and a girl who was eating ice cream but I somehow made it back to the party. All the adults kept me in their range of vision for the rest of the party.

So, there are some of my dumbass moments from my childhood. I'd like to think I've grown out of them but there are plenty more from middle, high school and even Hampshire, such as, my wanting to be funny and test out Nair for an Omen article during Spring Break my first year.

Let's just say that my skin took a while to heal.



continued from page 20

GROWING UP IN HELL

Red Ryder sleds, which were the best for the icy Maryland snowfalls. Unfortunately, all the hills in our neighborhood (not in the graveyard) ended in streets. I think my brother and I took any normal activity and turned it into something with the potential for serious bodily harm.

Speaking of bodily harm, alley feuds were quite amusing. I was often feuding because I got mad at my brother's friends for not wanting to include me in their games because I was a girl. Unfortunately my small size meant I couldn't kick much ass. However my brother had a policy that only he was allowed to beat me up, being my big brother and all. He fought some of my battles. But really, my biggest feud was ongoing with this girl

named Beth. I used to steal things from her when she was mean to me. I stole this really cool bracelet from her once. She tried to steal the boy I had a crush on. His name was Michael and he had really cool toys. He had a Power Wheels. I had a thing for neighborhood kids named Michael for a while. There was this other kid I wandered off to play with once named Michael I had a crush on who had two big yellow labs and a basement full of various reptiles.

My community was right next to a graveyard, which was right next to "the scary park" (as opposed to the other park, Arbor Manor, which had no trees). This park was tucked away in the woods, so it was pretty dark in there. It had lots of swings and

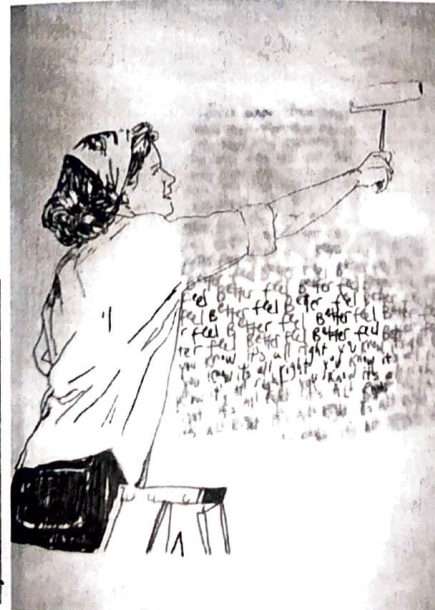
a huge jungle gym. My brother and I used to go to the scary park and collect all the neat weird smelling bottles in paper bags we found in the scary park and the surrounding woods.

The part of the graveyard closest to the houses didn't have any graves. We would play Wiffle ball and ride our bikes there. For sledding however, nothing was sacred. We

would walk throughout the graveyard looking for the best sledding hills. There was a lot of mythology surrounding the graveyard, mostly about ghosts and these dobermann pinschers that were set loose after 6pm that would tear you apart if they found you. None of us ever went there after 6pm. From the top of the hills in the graveyard you could get the best view of Baltimore I've ever seen.

The absolute best parts about summers in my neighborhood growing up were the strawberry guys and the ice cream trucks. The strawberry guys were these two guys who would walk through the alleys, yelling "STRRRRAAWWWWWWBERRIES!!" They sold pints of strawberries. No strawberries have ever tasted better because these were fresh picked. I always wonder what happened to them. We also had two different kinds of ice cream trucks. One was your everyday normal ice cream truck, and the other sold snowballs. I don't think snowballs are as big anywhere else as they are in Maryland.

Finally, in the spirit of the current holiday, I will tell you the absolute best part about growing up in my neighborhood - Halloween. If you ever have kids someday, drive them to a townhouse community to go trick-or-treating. You cover so many houses in a short time because they're all stuck next to each other. My brother and I would come home with trashbags full of candy. We'd be eating that sugary shit until Christmas.



by Lis Gambino

Happy mid-semester.



WE JUST HAD TO ADD FOUR MORE PAGES = LAST MINUTE WRESTLING REVIEW, #2

Last Minute Wrestling Review, #2: Best of SUWA

SUWA is no longer my favorite wrestler (EDDIE! is just too good right now.) But he still rocks. His hair changes every month. He is a punk bastard and a bump freak for a guy his size. He will make your offense look awesome, then kick you in the groin and beat you silly. So here are my favorite SUWA matches, in no particular order.

British Commonwealth Junior Heavyweight Title: SUWA (c) v. Susumu Yokosuka- Toryumon Fourth Anniversary show

Susumu had been on a huge tear of great matches over the last year, but I think he peaked with SUWA this July. Unlike a lot of his opponents, SUWA sold Susumu's leg offense like a king. I knew the outcome going in, but he actually had me believing that he might tap out. He also actually sells the leg on offense too, unlike a lot of Susumu's recent opponents (I'm looking at you, Masaaki). The ending is a bit screwy, but the body of the match is wonderful work by both. *** 3/4

Six Man elimination Match: CIMA/SUWA/Sumo Dandy Fuji v. Masaaki Mochizuki/Susumu Mochizuki/Yasushi Kanda- November 2000 TV block

This may be a six man

match, but it is really SUWA's show, as he works the last fifteen minutes one on two. He sells big for Kanda and Susumu and makes his offense look credible, while not burying both guys as he comes back to eliminate both of them and win the match. The crowd is rabid for SUWA, chanting his name for most of the match. Probably my favorite Toryumon six man ever. ****

Mascara contra Cabellera: SUWA v. Dragon Kid- 9/00 Tv block

Crazy wild brawl to cap off Tory's signature feud. These two hate each other.

That is all you need to know. SUWA cheats like a bastard to win, before Ultimo comes out and orders the restart. One area where SUWA is underappreciated is his ability to make absolutely anyone's moves look deadly. Dragon Kid has little offense outside of his ranas, but SUWA sells each one like it could end the match. He really gets over the hatred, even after the match. The post match antics are unspeakably brilliant, and I don't think SUWA is as good since his tecnico turn, though his style isn't that different. ****

SUWA v. Toru Owashi- Ultimo Dragon Comeback Special- 9/8/02

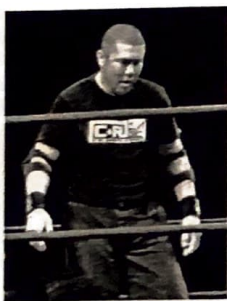
This is a ** match. However, it is noteworthy, as it by no rights should have been that good. Owashi is terrible. A Japanese Big Show. He doesn't sell any of SUWA's offense for the first

half of the match, and when he bothers to sell, doesn't do it very well. SUWA is up to the task though bumping like a freak to make Owashi look like a monster. He takes the craziest into the crowd bump I've ever seen him take, launching himself about ten rows back into a pile of chairs. Once again he does a great job at getting over the abject

hatred. The crowd is red hot for this match, so I can see why they went with the no contest to stretch out the feud a bit more. But it does mean I will have to see more 'okay' matches between the two. And I doubt the novelty will last.

So that wraps up the Last minute wrestling review, see you next time someone submits an article Sunday afternoon.

*The two Susumus are the same person. Susumu lost a Mochizuki name match to Masaaki in February of this year, and can no longer use his last name.



SUWA = Badass



CASTRATION

October 26, 2002 was a dark and dreary Saturday here at Camp Hamp. It was not your run-of-the-mill Hampshire Saturday: it was the weekend before Hampshire Halloween, it was Parents Weekend, but it was also that happy evening that comes but once upon an Autumn—the evening to “fall back.” For the inebriated partier, this is suddenly remembered with a squeal of glee, followed by a tirade describing how s/he just went back in time to experience the same hour again. Anticipation of November 1st was high, so were a lot of folks, and snippets of incensed conversations floated on the wind (“You have to invite people to Hampshire Halloween?!” “I did! I saw Osama!” “What do you mean, you don’t want to go contra-dancing?!”) Despite the chilly air and a number of parents, the night progressed much as one might expect—the smell of certain illegal substances drifted about the dorm house halls and stumbling people rambled about campus. However, it is when the evening was coming to a close that is of interest to us here.

It was about 4:20am, (or should I say 5:20am? when exactly should one “fall back” an hour?) an interesting time in and of itself, and I had just settled into bed, lights off, nighttime on, as I am sure many Hampsters were in the process of doing, when a very distinct and horrible noise filled my head.

It was the fire alarm. The fucking fire alarm. At 4:20am. I lay in bed for a moment, contemplating. Was this real? A bad trip? I looked out my window.

A few people were trudging out into the cold, dark, morning. Fuck. I threw on my robe and trudged outside, too. As we gathered on our respective stoops, obscenities were shouted, and more than one person, eyes squinting, muttered under their breath, too exhausted to do more. Where had the alarm come from? B4? B3? Did anyone care? Not yet. The firetruck came and consumed the firemen that exited by way of the loading dock, and we were finally let back inside. This, however, was only the beginning.

The alarm sounded a second time, around an hour after the first, and zombie-like we shuffled out the door, cursing, laughing nervously like mad people—we were on the edge. Once was understandable, well, not really, but at least we could imagine a drunken student tripping over their own feet only to find that the fire alarm was all they could grab to slow their fall. For all we know, this could be a conspiracy—a sick mind intent on getting sick pleasure watching half-dressed college students freeze their asses off. Or maybe this was just Hampshire's unique way of drilling us on how to exit the building during a fire drill, or two, or twenty. Either way, plans on how to find and capture the “evil-doers” were well under way when Pub. Safety Guy came along, stalking this way and that, muttering something about damned college kids, and giving a shout now and again for good measure. Soon, the door opened and minds concentrated on how to fall asleep yet again.

Approximately one to two

hours later, just as I slid back into a R.E.M. cycle, I heard that god-damn fucking noise again. I lay in bed for a few more moments, looked outside, saw no one, and decided to wait it out. I was hearing things, this was a fucked-up dream, I dunno, something was amiss. When the alarm began to sound like dying cats, I threw my robe about myself and scurried outside to escape it and a gang of skinned kitties. I was soon joined by the other inhabitants of Merrill. Punishment was the word slipping from most lips, forming a chain of anger and repressed stress, followed by inquiries: who done it? This also appeared to be on the mind of Pub. Safety Guy. He arrived on the scene with his red lights flashing and a hot New Jersey night. He dismounted and proclaimed for all to hear, “You have your counterparts to thank for this! We are going to stay out here all night until someone comes forward. If you know anything about who did this or if you saw someone pull the alarm, I suggest you come talk to me right now.” Half an hour later, we poured into Merrill, and whether or not the person was caught or if a bunch of cats were to blame, is still a mystery to me. I can say one thing, though, to give the culprit, the “evil-doer” an idea of what lies in store for them, and I am sure my Merrill mates will back me on this: CASTRATION!



‘This is fun to say!’ C’mon. ‘Evil-doers!’ Yay! Thanks George Dubya! ‘BOB!’ ‘This is paraphrased and not a direct quote.’



Section ZOLE



SUB POP: THE GAME

by Michael Zole, indie columnist

I'm not proud of this, but back in high school I was into "indie" music. Ever since I found out that huge bands like Nirvana and Green Day had started out on pissant little independent record labels, I started looking to indie music for the kind of creative, original material you can't find in the mainstream. All right, that's a lie. I wanted to be cool. When my girlfriend started getting all indie too, I realized how ridiculous that lifestyle is, and I went back to They Might Be Giants.

Video games are a little different. Nobody plays independently-produced games to be cool; there is nothing cool about video games. (I've noticed quite a few indie people wearing Atari t-shirts, but I think that has more to do with childhood kitsch.) But recently I've been thinking about amateur game development, if only because that's what I'm doing for my Div III. The games they sell for \$50 at Electronics Boutique are the result of years of effort by dozens of experienced programmers, artists, and designers. And most of them still suck. What can you get from a handful of unpaid programmers making a game in their spare time?

It turns out that there are quite a few notable independent games. With enough motivation, it's possible to finish a game on your own, and while the results won't rival the big guys in terms of graphics and presentation, they can still be fun. For your enjoyment, I'm presenting a few of the more notable indie games I've played. Most are free. I've included web

sites for all of them, and you can also grab them from my computer (zolebucket on the Windows network). Try them out, I think you'll find they're more enjoyable than listening to Sleater-Kinney.

Little Fighter 2 (www.littlefighter.com)

Indie games have the advantage of being relatively unaffected by the trends of the market, so they're as free to revisit old genres as they are to invent new ones. But they mostly revisit them. Little Fighter 2 is a great example. Professional game developers don't make walk-and-punch games anymore, but two guys from Hong Kong pulled together a fine one. It features ten characters

with names like "Deep" and "Henry", whose moves are all easy to master — learn a few key combinations and you

can kick ass as any of the ten. Up to eight human or computer players can play (though good luck finding enough keys and joysticks to control eight people), so the battles can get pretty nutty.

You can play it as a traditional side-scroller, walking from left to right and punching everything you encounter, or fight a battle royale, all with teams if you like. The play mechanics can be frustrating — if someone keeps punching you, for example, you can only block successfully a few times, and you

can't step away. Still, Little Fighter 2 is some of the best action to come out of Hong Kong since Chow Yun Fat first dove sideways with two pistols.

Eternal Daughter (www.classicgaming.com/blackeyesoftware/)

This sidescrolling platform game features low-resolution Super Nintendo-esque art and a female lead who looks vaguely like a Precious Moments character. Contrary to what you'd imagine from that description, it's a really cool game. Like any Super Nintendo platformer worth its salt, there are tons of different environments, enemies to fight therein, and new items to discover. There

are problems, though: the plot is largely presented as a whole crapload of dialog windows at key points in the game, and a transition

from hopping gleefully around a forest to reading pages of text is not a good way to engage the player. The difficulty curve is also way too steep at the beginning. But if you can get past these things, it's always fun to shoot bolts of energy at large, angry frogs.

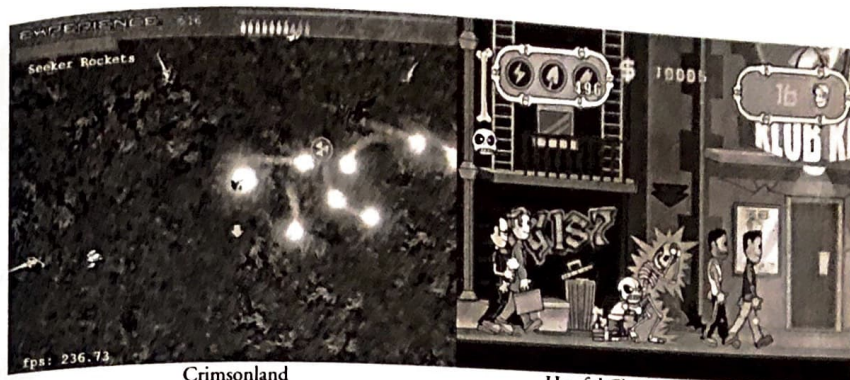
XEvil (www.xevil.com)

Picture Quake, but two-dimensional and viewed from the side. Now add characters like a robot, a ninja, and a guy with a helicopter backpack. Now add a variety of

Magnus: Mia, the sun beats down hard on our people these days, but don't lose hope.



Eternal Daughter



Crimsonland

weapons, ranging from machine guns to grenades to a gun that turns your opponents into frogs. Finally, complement the usual medkit and shield power-ups with caffeine, crack pipes, and PCP. That's XEvil. If the frantically-paced free-for-all deathmatch isn't bizarre enough for you, there are mission modes where you have to club baby seals (or save baby seals, depending on how the game feels at the moment).

Dink Smallwood (www.rtssoft.com/dink/)

If you can look past the stupid name, this is a quality *Zelda* clone. The gameplay is solid, and there's a lot to explore. It's a few years old, so the graphics are a bit dithered, and the dialog sounds like it was written by a nerdy 14-year-old boy (maybe it was!), but there's a huge world to explore, which is always a plus. Also, any game where you feed pigs and watch your mother die in a house fire within the first five minutes is a good game. My only complaint is that... come on, Dink Smallwood? What the HELL, people.

Crimsonland (www.10tons.org)

"On a long enough timeline, the survival rate for everyone

drops to zero." In *Crimsonland*, that timeline is a few minutes at best. You start off with a pistol, and alien creatures gradually trickle in from offscreen. You can shoot them for more powerful weapons, leaving the field littered with alien corpses that remain for the duration of the game, but sooner or later there will be too many of them. Many games are nearly impossible to win, but *Crimsonland* is refreshingly explicit about it. I still can't decide if it's more of a game or a powerful comment on the futility of life.

Hateful Chris: Never Say Buy (www.hatefulchris.com)

Ironically the only game on this list that costs money (\$10), *Hateful Chris* is a cheerfully anti-consumerist game that actually cribs many of its plot points from the hit film *Pootie Tang*. In terms of gameplay, it's a pretty straightforward sidescrolling action game — walk around, jump, climb ladders, stab passersby, that sort of thing. The levels aren't that exciting from a gameplay perspective, but *Hateful Chris* is all about the presentation. The comic-style art is great, there's subtle (sometimes less subtle) humor throughout, and the design is incredibly gutsy.

Hateful Chris: Never Say Buy

There are no fewer than 30 unique weapons, including a shovels and laser guns, and you'll wield them against lawyers, hippies, and martial arts bowlers. Normally I say gameplay is #1, but in *Hateful Chris* the game's attitude is just as entertaining.

What have we learned?

The most obvious difference in independent games is the visuals. They are generally less technically interesting than the latest 3D games, although the art is still excellent sometimes. However, the real problem with indie games is a lack of playtesting. Professional game publishers keep armies of game testers, both to look for technical flaws and to make sure that games are fun to play and not too difficult or easy. When you're making a game, you inevitably lose perspective on these things. In an indie game, then, great games are often marred by excessive difficulty more than dated graphics. Since I'm making a game for my Div III, this is something for me to keep in mind. You, on the other hand, should think about playing me in *Little Fighter 2* and getting your ass handed to you.



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXXIX

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

WELL, THIS
IS MY STOP.

1

2

I PRESUME YOU
WOULD LIKE YOUR
BAGGAGE.

1

2

YES.

AND HERE ARE
YOUR BUCKETS.

1

2

THANK YOU.

1

2

NO NEED TO GET
ALL CHOKED UP.

1

2

I HATE LONG
GOODBYES.

WELL, THIS IS IT.

1

2

WELL, BYE.

1

2

TAKE CARE.

1

1

fin